

## Left: To Implicate Children

The ravaged old head was found in the base  
of a huge esecritoire  
amid writings, not well-dismembered.  
It, somehow, white-beardedly brought  
infusorian visions; though  
the must-dusted whiskers,  
bedraggled and rummily-calm,  
stank nothing of cilia vibrations.  
Perhaps, the lack  
of air  
in that bum-bottom space  
for a crime-report mummy.  
Something  
of un boulet bouffant  
was conveyed by the unhirsute  
pate...  
(one could guess) more than broken-  
down couches  
engaged his last year, spent perhaps  
in some well-equipped cage  
for a wanderless sage.

No glede dove conjectures of gloaming;  
some animalivorish fruit-starving bat.  
Meats,  
without oranges, might do this, of course.  
He'd have been always  
in one hell of a hurry  
...swooping, then, to escape...  
If he hadn't hanged his frail sack  
in some moon-darkened closet (he hadn't;  
the liver-dun tongue did not protrude),  
this would have been solely because  
he'd never have stopped long enough  
to find the right length of tough  
hemp.



His radius short -- getting shorter --  
he'd had, herd, honored, his mutter;  
but would have known how  
everywhere is Nowhere.

No marathon illusion had hooked him;  
but he'd have got It, all the same.

So he'd boxed written likeness in there  
with his head, which -- had he  
juiced the guts, equal to ...

lopping himself --  
would have spoken as little

as MacDonald once had, about Scott  
(Walter, Sir)  
with that callipered bust.

That had done it: he'd worked well enough to defile  
every clue in the body

(his childhood's)

His manuscripts proved this, ungreening.

-- James Boyer May

### Stranger

A stranger

Passing the looking glass of night

Shuffling petals on a floor

Long shouted slant-wise

To a fractured child,

Could not see the struggling snail

Making silver-sounds in time,

Unless he too moved silently through glass.

-- Nina deVoe